



ATOMIC

ATTACK!

I'LL FIGHT IN
TOMORROW'S
WAR

HERE IS IMMEDIATE COMFORT FOR YOU WITH RUPTURE-EASER

For Men! For Women! For Children!



Right or Left
Side \$3.95
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**NO FITTING
REQUIRED!**

**NOW YOU CAN ...
THROW AWAY THOSE
GOUGING, TORTURING
TRUSSES --- GET NEW
WONDERFUL RELIEF
WITH
RUPTURE-EASER**

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Rupture-Easer is the most effective support on the market today. Thousands of people who have tried old-fashioned, expensive devices turn to Rupture-Easer for amazing new comfort. Rupture-Easer is easy to wear.

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ORDER TODAY!**

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Measure around lowest part
of my abdomen in

_____ INCHES.

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Enclosed is ☐ Money Order ☐ Check for \$_____ ☐ Send C. O. D.

Name _____

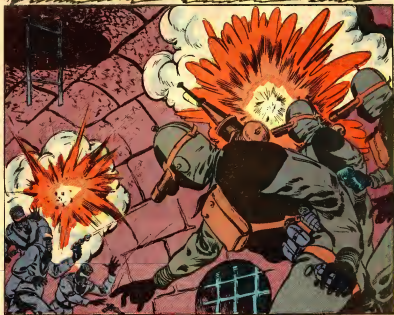
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TOMORROW'S WAR!

WHAT STRANGE AND FANTASTIC WEAPONS ARE BEING CREATED IN OUR GOVERNMENT LABORATORIES AT THIS VERY MOMENT? WHAT STILL STRANGER AND EVEN MORE FANTASTIC WEAPONS WILL BE USED IN THE WAR OF TOMORROW? STEP INTO THE FUTURE AND SEE HOW THE WAR OF 1972 WILL BE FOUGHT! THE WAR THAT YOU, YOURSELF, MIGHT HAVE TO TAKE PART IN...



MAY, 1972, 43
TOMMY EMERSON
READS A LETTER
FROM HIS
BROTHER
FIGHTING
OVERSEAS
WITH THE
U.N. . . .

* * *



GOSH, MOM, LISTEN TO THIS!
"DEAR TOMMY, YOU'VE BEEN
ASKING ME TO TELL YOU ABOUT
THE ACTION I'VE SEEN. WELL,
HERE IS A STORY THAT WILL
KNOCK YOUR EYETEETH LOOSE...



"THE CENSOR WILL PROBABLY
CUT IT TO SHREDS, BUT HERE GOES
ANYWAY... OUR UNIT WAS ATTACKING
THE CITY OF [REDACTED] WHERE THE REDS
HAD A HUGE ATOMIC PILE..."

"OUR MISSION WAS TO DESTROY IT. OUR ATOMIC ARTILLERY WAS BLASTING AWAY, BUT WITH LITTLE EFFECT..."

RADAR READINGS...
ELEVATION 0200---
RIGHT 40 ..

CHECK!



"THE PILE WAS TOO WELL-PROTECTED FOR OUR SHELLS TO EVEN DENT IT... ALTHOUGH THE REST OF THE CITY WAS TAKING A BEATING..."

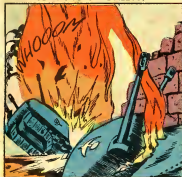


"OUR ATOMIC RIFLE UNITS WERE ATTACKING THE RED TANKS..."

TWO DOWN AND
THREE TO GO!



"EACH HIT MEANT ONE TANK LESS... BUT IT WASN'T GETTING US TO THE PILE..."



"IN RETALIATION, THE REDS DROPPED GERM BOMBS WHERE OUR TROOPS WERE MASSED..."

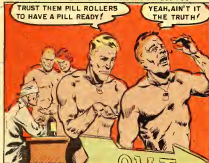




"WE DIDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT THAT. THOSE WHO WERE EXPOSED RECEIVED STERILIZATION AT FIELD GERM WARFARE AID STATIONS..."



"THEN THEY WERE GIVEN IMMUNIZATION PILLS..."



"RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF IT ALL I GOT ORDERS TO REPORT TO HEADQUARTERS..."



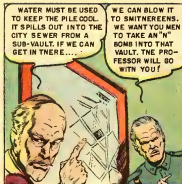
"I HUSTLED MYSELF OVER TO HQ AND REPORTED WITH MY HEART IN MY BOOTS, BUT..."



BREAKING INTO ■■■ LOOKS USELESS. INSTEAD, I HAVE CALLED ON PROFESSOR ■■■ TO HELP US.

I WORKED ON THIS PILE BEFORE THE REOS CAPTURED IT. THERE IS A WAY TO GET AT IT THAT ONLY I KNOW!





WATER MUST BE USED TO KEEP THE PILE COOL. IT SPILLS OUT INTO THE CITY SEWER FROM A SUB-VAULT. IF WE CAN GET IN THERE....

WE CAN BLOW IT TO SMITHEREENS. WE WANT YOU MEN TO TAKE AN "N" BOMB INTO THAT VAULT. THE PROFESSOR WILL GO WITH YOU!

"FOR A MOMENT YOU COULD HAVE HEARD A PIN DROP. THEN WE ALL AGREED AT ONCE. THAT NIGHT. . .



YOU MEN HAVE BEEN BRIEFED AS THOROUGHLY AS POSSIBLE. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO. THE PROFESSOR WILL TAKE CARE OF THE REST... GOOD LUCK!

THANK YOU, SIR!

"A MOMENT LATER WE STARTED OUT INTO THE DARKNESS LOOKING FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE MEN FROM MARS...



STAY CLOSE TO ME, THE HARDEST PART WILL BE TO INFILTRATE THE CITY.

"THE PROF. LED US INTO THE CITY BY WAY OF DESERTED BYWAYS, BUT STILL WE COULDN'T AVOID MEETING A RED PATROL. . .



REDS! WE'RE IN FOR IT!

THEY MUST NOT SNOOT! THE NOISE WILL BRING THEM ALL AFTER US!



BLAST 'EM!

LUCKILY WE HAD SILENCERS ON OUR AUTOMATICS. THE REDS DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A CHANCE TO FIRE...

HURRY, WE MUST GET AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE THEY ARE DISCOVERED!

YEAH, AND BEFORE THEY DISCOVER US. LEAD ON, PROFESSOR!

*LEADING US TO A BLASTED SECTION OF THE CITY THE PROFESSOR TOOK US DOWN A MANHOLE...

IN, QUICKLY! ONCE DOWN THERE WE WILL BE COMPARATIVELY SAFE.

I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT WORD 'COMPARATIVELY'.



*DOWN BELOW, THE SEWER WAS PITCH DARK AND STINKING. HERE WAS WHERE OUR INFRA-RED SNOOPER SCOPES CAME IN...

EVERYONE GOT THEIR VIEWERS ADJUSTED?

YEAH. I CAN SEE PLAIN AS DAY... AND I CAN SMELL, EVEN BETTER!

BE CAREFUL OF THE RATS. THEY WILL ATTACK HUMANS.

UGH! THEY GIVE ME THE CREEPS.



*AFTER WHAT SEEMED LIKE MILES IN THE STINKING SEWER WE REACHED OUR GOAL...

THIS IS THE PLACE! IT IS THIS WALL WE MUST BREAK THROUGH.

OKAY, BOYS, LET'S GET TO WORK. EMERSON AND SMITH, YOUR JOB IS SAPPING. GET GOING.

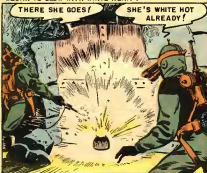
*FOR THE NEXT HOUR WE DRILLED AND PICKED AT THE STONE. FINALLY WE BROKE THROUGH TO REACH A SOLID STEEL WALL...

HOLY SMOKE, SOLID STEEL!

YEAH, NOW IT'S UP TO THE DEMOLITION BOYS AND THE THERMITE BOMBS.



* MINUTES LATER THE THERMITE BOMB WAS IN PLACE AND JOE KIRK SET IT OFF. IN A SECOND THE WALL BEGAN TO GLOW WITH WHITE HEAT.



THERE SHE GOES!

SHE'S WHITE HOT ALREADY!

WOW! LOOK AT THAT! THAT STUFF WOULD MELT AN OLD MAID'S HEART!

WE'RE THROUGH! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR IT TO COOL BEFORE WE CAN GO IN.



* IT WAS THIRTY MINUTES BEFORE WE COULD ENTER. ONE BY ONE WE CRAWLED INTO THE VAULT.

KEEP YOUR PISTOLS READY. NO TELLING WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE.

YEAN, THERE MAY BE A RED ATOM SQUAD WAITING FOR US.



YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR. THEY RARELY COME DOWN HERE, AND THEN ONLY TO CHECK THE COOLING SYSTEM.

OKAY, LET'S GET IT OVER WITH!



* NOW IT WAS THE PROFESSOR'S TURN TO TAKE CHARGE. HE PUT THE TWO PARTS OF THE "N" BOMB WE CARRIED TOGETHER...

YOU WOULDN'T THINK A THING THAT SIZE COULD BLOW UP AN ATOMIC PILE LIKE THIS, WOULD YOU?

IT COULDN'T UNTIL I PUT THE TWO PARTS TOGETHER. NOW IT IS DANGEROUS.



* GINGERLY HE ATTACHED THE TIME FUSE AND TRIGGER. WE WATCHED NERVOUSLY...

WHAT IF IT WENT OFF NOW?

YOU WOULD NEVER KNOW WHAT HAPPENED. YOU WOULD BE DISINTEGRATED!



WHEN HE SET THE TIMER...

START MOVING BACK INTO THE SEWER! IT IS ALL SET. IN FIFTEEN MINUTES IT WILL BE OVER

LET'S GO, GUMS! I'D LIKE TO BE ALIVE TO SEE IT HAPPEN.



NO ATOMIC BULLETS! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED BY THE DETONATION!

WE'VE GOT SOMETHING ELSE, PROF! NERVE GAS!

HALT! STAND WHERE YOU ARE!



* DOUBLING BACK ON OUR TRACKS THE PROFESSOR LED US UP TOWARD ANOTHER MANHOLE...

THIS WILL BRING US OUT IN THE VERY HEART OF THE CITY! GET YOUR FLYERS SET!

WE BETTER GET OUR GUNS SET TOO!



* WE SCRAMBLED BACK INTO THE SEWER AND SET OFF FOR THE MANHOLE WE HAD ENTERED BY HALF-WAY BACK.

REDS! THEY'VE GOT LIGHTS!

THEY MUST HAVE FOUND US BY THE REACTIONS ON THEIR GEIGER COUNTERS!

THERE THEY ARE!



* THE BOMBS DID THEIR WORK PERFECTLY. THEY PARALYZED THE REDS...



* LUCKILY WE CAME UP ON A DESERTED STREET...

SET YOUR PROPELLERS AND WE'LL TAKE OFF FROM HERE. THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME LEFT!



*BUT THE CITY HAD BEEN ALERTED AND IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF MOMENTS BEFORE ANOTHER SEARCH PARTY DISCOVERED US...



"UNDER HEAVY FIRE WE TOOK TO THE AIR WITH OUR ONE-MAN FLYERS. I THOUGHT IT WAS MY LAST MOMENT ON EARTH..."



*BY A MIRACLE WE GOT AWAY! ALL EXCEPT POOR JOE KIRK...



*WE JUST REACHED THE SAFETY ZONE WHEN THE PILE AND THE WHOLE CITY WENT SKY HIGH. IT WAS A TERRIBLE SIGHT. ONE I NEVER HOPE TO SEE AGAIN...



"AND THAT'S THE STORY, TOMMY. WHEN I SEE YOU I'VE GOT SOME SOUVENIRS I KNOW YOU'LL LIKE. SO UNTIL THEN TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF..."

LOVE, PETE..."

THE END

DOWN THROUGH THE BROWN, BLEAK VALLEYS OF KOREA--VALLEYS THAT AT ANY MOMENT WOULD SUDDENLY BELCH FLAME AND LETHAL LEAD--WE FLEW AN ANCIENT KITE-- FLEW BECAUSE A MAN WITHOUT AN ARM HAD SCREAMED....

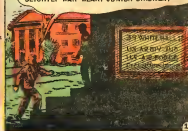
HiYAA!! Chopper! Chopper!

A "CHOPPER"-- AND A L-5! BUT THEY'RE SUNK! THEY'LL NEVER MAKE IT. I'M DONE FOR...



YA HEAR ABOUT THE PARA-TROOPS, THE INFANTRY, THE JET JOCKEYS--- BUT WHAT WAR CORRESPONDENT EVER SCRIBBLES A WORD ABOUT US POOR OLD BEAT UP, BATTERED, OBSERVATION PILOTS? OR FOR THAT MATTER-- THE HELICOPTER PILOTS-- THE "CHOPPER" MEN?

ME? I'M A JERK THAT SHOULD A STOOD IN BED! I DID MY 40 MISSIONS WITH THE 8TH A.F. IN WORLD WAR II. BUT THEN, I'M A SUGGER FOR PUNISHMENT... SARG-- WHERE DO YOU SIGN UP THE SLIGHTLY WAR-WEARY JUNIOR BIRDMEN?



ONE LOOK AT MY RECORDS AND BEFORE I COULD SAY "BOO" I WAS BACK IN UNCLE SAM'S USAF...



...AND FURTHERMORE, TO CARRY ARMS..

BUT THEN, IT WASN'T ALL BAD...

O.K., GENTLEMEN, ALL OR ANY PART OF IT...

I'M CLEANED...

LOOKS LIKE THE CAPTAIN'S GOT ALL THE LUCK!



ME TOO...

I SCREAMED AND YELLED BUT THE AIR FORCE IS STILL SERVICE SO A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER...

WELL, WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE! OLD LUCKY WITH THE DICE HIMSELF...

SILENCE, VARLETS. YOU SPEAK OF YOUR NEW OPERATIONAL OFFICER...



AFTER A FEW SHORT WEEKS OF INDOCTRINATION I FOUND MYSELF KOREA BOUND...



LAST TIME WE FLEW OVER! BRAZIL, AFRICA, ENGLAND. THIS TIME I GOTTA GO OVER WITH THE GRAVEL AGITATORS...

AND-- FOR A TIME IT DID LOOK SO AND NOT JUST WITH THE DICE-- BUT THEN...

SORRY, CAPTAIN, I'M ASSIGNING YOU AS OPERATIONS' OFFICER, RESCUE SQUADRON...

O.K. SO I'M NO KID ANYMORE BUT DO YA HAVE TO GROUND ME WITH A BUNCH OF PUDDLE JUMPERS?



THAT EVENING, IN THE SHACK THAT WAS LAUGHINGLY CALLED THE OFFICERS' CLUB...

OUR JOB'S NO CINCH, CAPTAIN. WE SEE OUR SHARE OF ACTION...

YEAH-- CHOPPERS AND EGG BEATERS...

O.K., WISE GUY-- YOU'LL SEE...



AND, BROTHER, SEE I DID? THOSE BOYS SHOWED ME THINGS I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED POSSIBLE...

FOR INSTANCE: BEHIND THE LINES RESCUE MISSIONS...

IN THE NICK OF TIME... THE GODKS WOULD'VE HAD US IN A FEW MORE MINUTES...



CARRYING BACK WOUNDED...

LUGGING UP ESSENTIAL SUPPLIES...

THIS MAN WOULD HAVE DIED HAD HE BEEN BROUGHT BACK TO US BY CONVENTIONAL MOTOR TRANSPORT...

WITH THIS GAS, FLY BOY, WE CAN KEEP RIGHT ON PUSHING...



AND... WE WERE GETTING DESPERATE. SURROUNDED BY GOKKS WITH PLENTY OF FOOD BUT OUR WATER SUPPLY CONTAMINATED...

DRINK HEARTY-- THERE'S MORE WHERE THIS CAME FROM...



BY NOW, I GUESS YOU'VE GATHERED THAT I'D BECOME SOMETHING OF A HELICOPTER FAN. NATURALLY I WOULDN'T BE TELLING THE ENTIRE TRUTH IF I DIDN'T ADMIT...

WELL--WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE CHOPPERS AND EGG BEATERS NOW?

TOPS! OF COURSE --DON'T FORGET WE COULDN'T FUNCTION WITH-OUT FIGHTER PLANE COVER...



SURE, WITHOUT PROTECTION, THE "CHOPPER'S" A SETTING DUCK; BUT, MAN, CAN THAT LITTLE OLD SIKORSKY PRODUCE...

WHAT GIVES?...

RESCUE MISSION--JET PILOT PARACHUTED--DOWNED BEHIND ENEMY LINES...HIS WING MAN GAVE US A CALL...



JUST ANOTHER JOB, THEN...

CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN! THE CHOPPER PILOT JUST RADIOED HE CAN'T PICK UP FIGHTER COVER...

WHAT? HE AND THE JET BOY ARE GONERS IF HE CAN'T FIND SOME SUPPORT AND IN A HURRY...



COME ON, BOY, LET'S GO! WE'RE FLYING FIGHTER COVER...

WHAT? ARE YOU CRAZY? THIS IS AN OBSERVATION PLANE NOT A FIGHTER...

CAN'T HELP IT. IT'S A FIGHTER NOW. GOTTA BE. GOT A CHOPPER OUT UNPROTECTED...

YIPES! O.K., LET'S GO...



IN A MATTER OF MINUTES WE'D LOCATED THE H-5! THEN, THE TWO OF US STARTED OUT JET JOCKEY HUNTING...

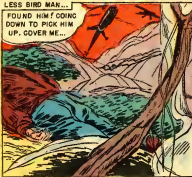
HOLD IT! THINK I SEE SOMETHING OVER THAT NEXT RIDGE...

O.K., O.K. YOU DO THE HUNTING ON THE GROUND. I'LL KEEP AN EYE PEELED FOR MGS...



AND THEN THE HELICOPTER LOCATED OUR WING-LESS BIRD MAN...

FOUND HIM! GOING DOWN TO PICK HIM UP. COVER ME...



YIPES! A TRAP! A RED TRAP!



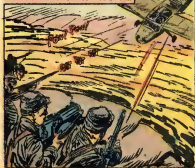
HOW ABOUT THAT? WE'O REALLY WALKED INTO ONE... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! I DON'T LIKE PLAYING GLAY PIGEON...



HE'S A STAKE-OUT, ALL RIGHT! BUT HE'S STILL ONE OF OUR GUYS AND HE'S STILL ALIVE! LET'S GO GET HIM!...



THEN STARTED AS WEIRD AND DEADLY A FIVE MINUTES AS I'VE EVER KNOWN...



SO WE STARTED TO HIGH-TAIL IT. THEN-- FOR SOME REASON...



IT WAS AN INVITATION TO DEATH... WE WERE GOING JUST WHAT THE RED MACHINEGUNNERS WANTED US TO DO...

SEE IF YOU CAN BOTHER THE GOOKS. WE'LL DROP DOWN AND CALL ON THE BOY...



LET'S SEE IF OUR LITTLE RED FRIENDS CAN TAKE IT AS WELL AS OISH IT OUT!

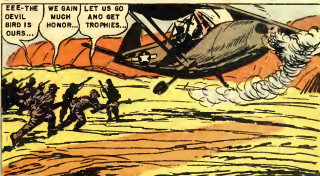




SO, WE WENT RIGHT BACK AGAIN. ONLY THIS TIME...



BUT, STATEMENTS LIKE THAT ARE EASIER MADE THAN ACCOMPLISHED...



EEE-THE
DEVIL
BIRD IS
OURS...

WE GAIN
MUCH
HONOR...

LET US GO
AND GET
TROPHIES...

OUR PLANE
PRACTICALLY
SHOT AWAY FROM
BENEATH US, WE
KEPT ON;
ESPECIALLY
SINCE THERE
WASN'T ANY PLACE
ELSE TO GO. BY
THEN, I WAS
REALLY MAD...



WOW! IF I HADN'T SEEN
IT I WOULDN'T BELIEVE
IT...

I WON'T BELIEVE IT
TILL WE'RE BACK AT
THE BASE...

THIS SHOULD BE THE END OF MY STORY... BUT,
MINUTES LATER...



BALE OUT, WE'LL
NEVER RIDE IT IN...

GIVE ME TIME TO
CALL THE
CHOPPERS...

TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

BOY, ARE WE
GLAD TO SEE
YOU...
HURRY UP-HEARD
ABOUT YOU AND
THE GOOKS. BET
THEY DON'T LIKE YOU
VERY MUCH...
GOOD
OLD CHOPPER
CHOPPERS.

SEE WHAT I
MEAN? SOME-
TIMES THERE'S
MORE TO THE
BIG PICTURE
THAN JUST THE
INFANTRY AND
THE TANKS AND
THE JET JOCKEYS.
FOR INSTANCE--
THERE'S THE
CHOPPERS--THE
OVERGROWN
EGG BEATERS...

THE END



THE "SAN FRANCISCO" STORY

IN the destructive naval battle at Guadalcanal two admirals lost their lives. Both received a posthumous award of the Congressional Medal of Honor and both deserved the honor.

But the story of the Battle of the Canal is dominated by the role of the cruiser, the San Francisco, under command of Admiral Callaghan, one of the two admirals who died in action.

He took his flagship, San Francisco, and the rest of his Naval column through a maneuver that has become known as a classic in the Navy for its bold enterprise.

He took his line of ships between two enemy columns with nothing heavier than cruisers for cover. Steaming through this nightmare corridor, the American ships ran a gauntlet of enemy crossfire. Flaming shot was hurled at them from both sides by Jap battleships, heavier by far than our cruisers.

Although the American vessels were forced to take tremendous punishment, the Japs were so confused that they fired at their own ships. The results were far greater damage to the Jap fleet and a signal victory for the Americans.

The San Francisco led the charge between the two Japanese columns. She got in the way of the first shots and took the most punishment. Admiral Callaghan was undismayed. His orders were "Go after the big ones." The San Francisco did, immediately engaging a Jap battleship of the Kongo class.

It seemed an impossible battle, for no mere cruiser is supposed to be able to match the heavy gunfire of a battleship.

But the heroic cruiser disproved that theory, inflicting damage on the bigger ship that crippled it and knocked it out of the fight.

In the terrible, close-range slug-fest the cruiser was hit repeatedly by salvos from enemy ships on both sides. The shells from the giant battleship ripped her frightfully.

Through all this terrible inferno of fire and steel there was enacted a curious and tragic story. One of the huge shells made a direct hit on the bridge where the commanding officers were directing the battle. The terrible blast wrecked the bridge and killed Admiral Callaghan. Among the other officers who died was the Captain of the San Francisco—Captain Cassin Young.

With the group on the bridge was a young Lieutenant Commander, Bruce McCandless. He was thrown violently to the deck by the explosion and knocked unconscious. When he came to, he found nothing but a shambles of twisted steel and broken bodies. He was the only one left alive.

Stunned, he realized that because of the casualties he was now the senior officer on the bridge. It was up to him to command the flagship, and direct the movements of the other ships in the American column. This he did with magnificent results.

Although he was the senior officer on the bridge, young McCandless was not next in line to the Admiral and the Captain. The man who was actually next in rank was another Lieutenant Commander—Herbert Schonland. He was the damage control officer of the San Francisco.

However, at the time the Admiral and the Captain met their death, he was deep below decks, acting as damage control officer. From the beating the ship had taken, there was more than enough damage to look after.

Schonland could easily have gone above decks and assumed command. It was a chance any junior officer in the Navy would have jumped at.

But Schonland was more interested in doing the job he was doing. To make sure that McCandless was in command on the bridge, he sent up a message. "Tell McCandless to take command," he said. "I'm too busy fighting fire."

Busy was an understatement. Schonland

was up to his waist in water, directing the frantic battle against the searing flames.

The hattered cruiser was in serious danger of sinking from flooded compartments, and in worse danger of blowing up from the fire. Everywhere the flames soared, steadily increasing in spite of the heroic efforts of the men who fought to quell the blaze.

It seemed often that the flooding waters must engulf the fire fighters and force them to abandon ship, but Schonland stuck to his post. As long as the ship was afloat he wouldn't leave his job.

Without a second thought he gave up the signal honor of taking over the command. It was up to him to see that the San Francisco stayed afloat and continued fighting. It was even more important that as many lives should be saved as possible.

Steadily Schonland and his men fought back the roaring blaze. Little by little they got the hatches sealed off and the fire under control. The flagship would stay in the fight if he had anything to say about it.

On the bridge, McCandless was calmly going about the job of directing the squadron. He was obeying Admiral Callaghan's last order "Go after the big ones."

Go after the big ones they did. Many a Japanese warship that day regretted tangling with the hattered cruiser. Many were the telling blows she landed on ships bigger or more powerful than herself.

In every last detail McCandless followed Callaghan's strategy, leading the ship through that corridor of hell to emerge victorious.

Every man above decks, or in the gun turrets knew that any moment might be his last. Every time a shell hit the rolling cruiser the crew realized that in a matter of seconds they might be blown to pieces. Not a man shirked his job. They worked as though they were on maneuvers, calmly, efficiently, and with deadly purpose.

At times it seemed that the steel shell floating on the surface of that boiling sea

just couldn't hold out a second longer, but somehow she did.

Below decks and above decks both McCandless and Schonland never once wavered from the jobs that had been thrust upon them by the vagaries of battle.

At last the battle was over and the injured ship headed for safe harbors, leaving behind it a Japanese fleet that was in far worse shape than the American.

This battle was not only a climax to the sea fighting in the Solomons, it also brought a new strategy to warfare by fighting ships.

Midway and the Coral sea battles had brought about their innovations—whole fleets slugging it out with their planes. They had just fought major engagements without either side ever coming in sight of each other. Naval experts had begun to think that the day of the tremendous gun duels was gone forever.

It was beginning to be believed that planes would fight against ships, and carriers would be the most important part of a fleet. There was even open talk that the battlegewagon was obsolete and that its ponderous hull would soon be a thing of the past.

But the battle of the Solomons changed all that. Instead of planes against ships there was a series of duels between ship and ship. Big gun against big gun—pounding each other with screaming shellfire.

After that battle there was a decided trend back to naval warfare as it was first conceived. A mighty conflict of ships battling ships to the bitter end.

As for McCandless and Schonland, who had so ably taken over and led their fleet to victory, they both received similar awards from President Franklin D. Roosevelt. They were given the Congressional Medal of Honor. In conferring them, the President emphasized the unselfishness of Lieutenant Commander Herbert E. Schonland who sacrificed fame to carry out what he considered the really essential work of saving his men's lives.

WITH THEIR BLOODCURDLING BATTLE CRY "BERONIMO!" ECHOING THROUGH THE STRONGLY-HELD DUTCH TOWN OF SCHOONEBEEK, THE ARMY'S TOUGHEST FIGHTING MEN, THE AIRBORNE INFANTRY, FOUGHT THEIR WAY TO A BLOODY VICTORY. THIS IS THE TRUE STORY OF AN INVASION BY AIR.....

OPERATION PARATROOPER



RAT - TAT - TAT - TAT

ORDERED TO TAKE SCHOONEBEEK FROM THE GERMANS, THE 82ND AIRBORNE PREPARES TO JUMP, AS THEY REACH THEIR OBJECTIVE...

OKAY, MEN, THIS IS IT!
NEXT STOP, SHOON...ER,
SKOON...ER, LET'S GO!

GEEZ, SARGE, WHY
CAN'T WE HIT AN EASY
TOWN, LIKE PARIS?

SHUT UP AND JUMP,
LESNEWSKI!

AW, SARGE, YOU KNOW I
CAN'T STAND GOING DOWN
FAST. I GET SICK!

A MOMENT LATER THE SKY RAINS PARATROOPERS AND THEIR EQUIPMENT...



AS THEY HIT THE GROUND...



AN INSTANT LATER THEY GET THEIR ANSWER... IN A BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE...



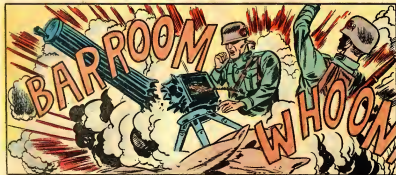
CIRCLING AROUND BEHIND THE SOURCE OF FIRE, THE PARATROOPERS CRAWL UP ON THE DEATH-DEALING NEST.

OKAY, YOU GUYS, WHEN I SAY THROW... ALL TOGETHER!



NOW!

GERONIMO!



WITH THE MACHINE GUNS SILENCED, THE 82ND STARTS DOWN THE ROAD LEADING TO TOWN...

...THEM HEINIES NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT THEM. THEY...

LESNEWSKI, IF YOU DON'T SHUT UP, I'LL STRANGLE YOU MYSELF!



SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF NOWHERE...

STUKA!



MINUTES LATER THE STUKA RETURNS,
RAKING THE ANGRY PARATROOPERS ANEW...



ON THE PLANE'S THIRD RUN THE TROOPERS SCORE A
LUCKY HIT...

I GOT IT!
I GOT IT!

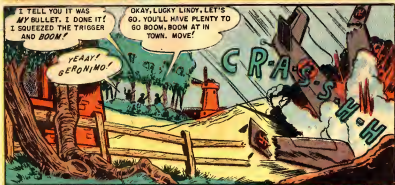
YOU AND TWENTY OTHERS! WHAT
ARE YA LOOKIN' FOR, A GOOD
CONDUCT MEDAL?



I TELL YOU IT WAS
MY BULLET. I DONE IT!
I SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER
AND BOOM!

OKAY, LUCKY LINDY, LET'S
GO. YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY TO
GO BOOM, BOOM AT IN
TOWN. MOVE!

YEAAY!
GERONIMO!



THE PARATROOPERS REACH SCHOONEBEEK WITHOUT
FURTHER INCIDENT. BUT FROM EVERY HOUSE POURS
DEADLY FIRE FROM THE EMBATTLED GERMANS.

WITHOUT THE HELP OF
ARTILLERY WE'RE HELPLESS...
CORPORAL!

YES
SIR!



WALKER, CALLING
TORNADO, STYMIED
ON OUTSKIRTS OF
TOWN, NEED ARTILLERY.

OKAY, WALKER. WE'LL
FIRE AS SOON AS WE
CAN CHECK THE RANGE.
OVER AND OUT...



IN THE REAR, THE 105'S, PARACHUTED WITH THE TROOPS, BEGIN TO TALK...

RANGE 2000...LEFT 20...
ELEVATION 500...FIRE
FOR EFFECT...

BOOM



WHILE IN SCHOONEBEEK...



BAR-R-OOM

THE EMBATTLED PARATROOPERS DO THEIR SHARE WITH THEIR 80MM MORTARS...

THAT OUGHT TO
KNOCK A FEW OF
THEM OUT!



SWHI-SOOM

SHELL AFTER SHELL IS LOBBED INTO THE SNIPER'S NESTS WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS FOR THE ENEMY...



WHOOOM

WHEN THE ARTILLERY HAS SOFTENED UP THE NAZIS, THE PARATROOPERS BEGIN TO INFILTRATE...

MOST OF THESE HOUSES HAVE BEEN CLEANED OUT, BUT THAT ONE'S HOLDIN' OUT, WE GOT TO GET THOSE GUYS.

YEAH? HOW? WE GOIN' TO INVITE 'EM OUT FOR A BEER?

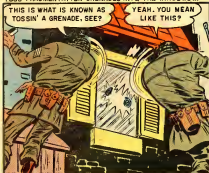


SINCE YOU'RE SO INTERESTED, LESNEWSKI, YOU COME WITH ME. THE REST OF YOU MEN COVER THOSE STAIRS.

AW, SARGE, CAN'T YA TAKE A JOKE?



BEHIND THE BUILDING, LESNEWSKI AND THE SERGEANT
TOSS FRAGMENTATION GRENADES INTO THE WINDOWS...



WHEN I GET HOME
I'M GONNA TRY OUT
FOR THE BROOKLYN
DOOGERS.

THAT'S JUST THE
PLACE FOR YOU,
LESNEWSKI. WITH
THEM BUMS!

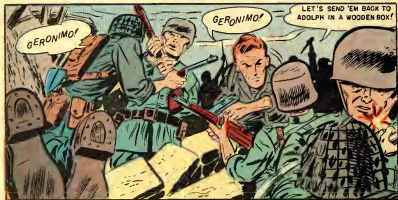


FOOLED BY THE ATTACK FROM THE REAR, THE
NAZIS POUR DOWN THE FRONT STAIRS WHERE THE
REST OF THE UNIT IS WAITING...



WHILE IN OTHER PARTS OF TOWN, HAND-TO-
HAND BATTLES ARE BEING FOUGHT...





THE PARA-TROOPERS' SAVAGE ATTACK IS TOO MUCH FOR THE NAZIS AND THEY FINALLY GIVE UP...

KAMERAD!

KAMERAD!

OVERWHELMED BY THE ATTACK, THE REMAINING NAZIS TRY TO ESCAPE FROM THE OTHER END OF THE TOWN...

SCHNELL! SCHNELL! THESE ARE NOT SOLDIERS, THEY ARE SAVAGES!

BUT THE PARATROOPERS ARE PREPARED FOR JUST SUCH A MOVE, AND THE RETREATING GERMAN ARE CAUGHT IN A DEADLY CROSSFIRE...



YEAHH! KAMERAD! AIEE!



AND SO, 8 HOURS AND 36 MINUTES AFTER THEY LANDED, THE 82ND LIBERATES SCHOONEBECK, AND AN IMPORTANT GATEWAY INTO GERMANY IS OPENED FOR THE TROOPS TO FOLLOW...

-THE END-

THE SITUATION IS WELL IN HAND

CAPTAIN WILTON J. McCLOY DIDN'T WANT TO BE A HERO, BUT WHEN IT LOOKED AS THOUGH HIS WHOLE OUTFIT WOULD BE ANNIHILATED BY THE ADVANCING REDS, HE THREW SAFETY TO THE WINDS AND STOPPED THE ENEMY COLD...



HUNSAN PASS, HIGH IN THE RUGGED MOUNTAINS OF NORTH KOREA, NEAR PUSAN, AUGUST, 1950...

THE REDS ARE POURING OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS BY THE THOUSANDS. WE'VE GOT TO PULL BACK!

WHY NOT STAY AND FIGHT, SIR? THEY'LL JUST FOLLOW US DOWN THE PASS AND SLAUGHTER US.



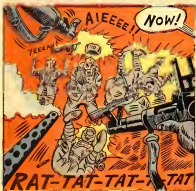
NO, NOT IF WE LEAVE A TEN-MAN PATROL TO HOLD THE ROAD THROUGH THE PASS... THEY COULD HOLD IT LONG ENOUGH TO ALLOW THE REST TIME TO GET OUT!

WHO'RE WE GOING TO LEAVE?





THEY DIDN'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT. WITHIN THE HOUR A STRONG DEPLOYMENT OF ENEMY SOLDIERS ADVANCES CAUTIOUSLY DOWN THE ROAD...



YAHOO!
THEY AIN'T
PUTTIN' THEIR UGLY
PUSSIES THROUGH
THIS PASS!

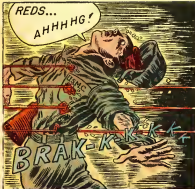
BUT WITHIN THE HOUR, ANOTHER RED PATROL CRAWLS OVER THE ROCKS TO ATTEMPT TO WIPE OUT THE MARINE MACHINE GUN ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE ROAD...

HOPE THEM GOOKS GOT SCARED OFF FOR GOOD... WONDER WHEN I'LL GET MAIL AGAIN?... AIN'T HEARD FROM PEGGY FOR WEEKS... WHAT'S THAT?



REDS...

AHHHG!



BLAST THE...
OMHHHH!

THEY GOT THE
DROP ON US...
UGH!

QUICK,
WRECK
GUN!



BUT NOW A WITHERING FIRE FROM THE OTHER LEDGE WIPES OUT THE ATTACKING RED PATROL...



CAPTAIN MCGLOY
AND HIS FIVE
FIGHTING
MARINES AID
THE MEN WHO
HAVE BEEN
SHOT... BUT
IT IS TOO
LATE...

THEY'RE ALL
DEAD!

NOW WHAT?
THERE'S ONLY
HALF OF US
LEFT!

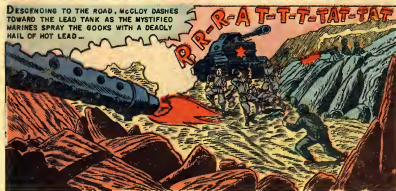


YOU AND I'LL SQUAT HERE.
YOU THREE MEN GET BACK TO
THE OTHER SIDE. GOT TO KEEP
'EM FROM COMING THROUGH...





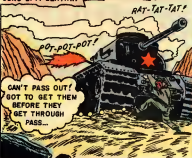
RELENTLESSLY THE IRON MONSTERS ROLL FORWARD AS THE HELPLESS MARINES WATCH. SUDDENLY McCLOY GOES INTO ACTION.



AT THAT MOMENT ONE OF THE DYING REDS FIRES HIS LAST BURST AT THE INTREPID CAPTAIN...



UNABLE TO SEE THE WOUNDED MAN IN FRONT OF THEM, THE REDS ROLL STEADILY FORWARD, THEIR GUNS SPIT DEATH...



WITH HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH, HE PULLS THE SAFETY PIN FROM HIS GRENADE...



RAT-TA-TA-TA-TA



HALF FAINTING, MCGLOY HAULS HIMSELF UP THE FRONT OF THE RED TANK...

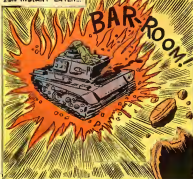


... AND SHOVES IT THROUGH THE DRIVERS' VENT...



AN INSTANT LATER...

BAR ROOM!



WHILE UP ON THE LEDGE.

DID YOU SEE THAT?

COME ON! LET'S GET THE CAPTAIN!



BUT BEFORE THEY CAN MOVE, THE AMMO STORED INSIDE THE TANK BLOWS UP!

WHUMP!



A MOMENT LATER...

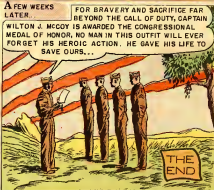
HE WAS A GREAT GUY!

YEAH...OKAY, LET'S GET GOING. BY THE TIME THEY CLEAN UP THAT MESS OUR GUYS COULD BE IN TOKYO.



A FEW WEEKS LATER...

FOR BRAVERY AND SACRIFICE FAR BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY, CAPTAIN WILTON J. MCCOY IS AWARDED THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR. NO MAN IN THIS OUTFIT WILL EVER FORGET HIS HEROIC ACTION. HE GAVE HIS LIFE TO SAVE OURS...



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